Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

How now *Therſites?* what loſt in the Labyrinth of thy furie? ſhall the Elephant *Aiax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy ſatiſfaction, would it were otherwiſe: that I could beate him, whilſt hee raild at mee: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raiſe Diuels, but Ile ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpitefull execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, a rare inginer. If Troy bee not taken till theſe two vndermine it, the walls will ſtand till they fall of themſelues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Ioue* the king of gods: and *Mercury*, looſe all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if yee take not that little little leſſe then little witte from them that they haue: which ſhorr-armd Ignorance it ſelfe knowes is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a flie from a ſpider, without drawing their maſſie Irons, and cutting the web. After this the vengeance on the whole campe, or rather the Neopolitan bone-ache: for that me thinkes is the curſe depending on thoſe that warre for a placket. I haue ſaid my prayers, and diuell Enuie ſay *Amen*. What ho my Lord *Achilles?*

Patrocl. Whoſe there? *Therſites?* good *Therſites* come in and raile.

Therſ. If I could a remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou couldſt not haue ſlipt out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, thy ſelfe vpon thy ſelfe. The common curſe of mankinde, Folly and Ignorance, be thine in great reuenew: Heauen bleſſe thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death: then if ſhe that layes thee out ſayes thou art not a faire courſe, Ile be ſworne and ſworne vpon't, ſhee neuer ſhrowded any but lazars. *Amen*. Where's *Achilles?*

Patro. What art thou deuout? waſt thou in prayer?

Therſ. I the heauens heare me.

Patro. Amen. *Enter* Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patro. *Therſites* my Lord.

Achil. Where? where? O where? art thou come why my cheeſe,